BARCELLONA.

A

POEM.

OR,

The Spaniſh Expedition,

Under the COMMAND of

CHARLES Earl of *Peterborough.*

UNTIL

The Reduction of the City of *Barcellona* to the Obedience of *Charles* III. King of *Spain.*

By GEORGE FARQUHAR, *Gent.*

The Author of the Trip to the Jubilee, *the* Recruiting Officer, *and the* Stratagem.

LONDON,

Printed for JOHN SMITH at the *Poſt-Houſe* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden,* and RICHARD STANDFAST in *Weſt-minſter-Hall,* Bookſellers. Price 1 *s.*

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *PETERBOROUGH*

AND

MONMOUTH.

My Lord,

MY Presumption in Dedicating to Your Lordship this Poem (found among my dear Deceas'd Husband's Writings) will I hope obtain not only Your Lordships Pardon, but favou-

favourable Acceptance, for to whom ſhould this Addreſs be made, but to that Hero who is the glorious Subject of the Song, Happy, could it by Art repreſent what was really done by Your Lordſhip in that Expedition, ſo ſurpriſing, as not only ſurpaſſes all Poetick Deſcription, but makes even *Truth* it ſelf Romantick. The Difficulties Your Lordſhip had to encounter in the different Intereſt and Opinions of your Confederates was not the leaſt part of that Undertaking, You were to convince before you engag'd, and Your invincible Reaſon was to confirm aſſured Conqueſt to Your Sword. *Monjuich* beyond *Obilisks* and *Pyramids* will be the Eternal Monument of your Fame, whereupon the Fall of that great tho' unhappy Prince of *Darmſtad*, Your Lordſhip Heroically interpoſd, turn'd and aſſured the

Fate

Fate of the *Auſtrian* Monarchy; *Barcellona* became the Rival of *Madrid*, and *Madrid* it ſelf had received its natural Lord. And had not Envy it ſelf blaſted the ſure laid Deſign, my Lord *Mordaunt* had rival'd the Glory of the Black Prince himſelf on the Theatre of *Spain*. Accept, Great Sir, theſe Lawrels planted by your tranſcended Valour and reap'd by your Victorious Arm. Accept that Tribute which is here offer'd by an humble but ſincere Hand, to that magnificent Vertue which hath reſtored the Foundation of the *Auſtriam* Spaniſh Monarchy, which none but our great Queen can eſtabliſh and confirm.

That Your Lordſhip may live to ſee the noble Effects of ſo glorious an Undertaking ratify'd in a ſure and laſting Peace, the *Weſt-India* Trade flowing into the Britiſh Channel, and the

the good Wishes of all good Men deriv'd into lasting Blessings upon your Lordship and noble Family is the hearty Prayer of

My Lord,

Your Lordships

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Marg. Farquhar.

PREFACE.

THE Author of this Poem, (tho' an Officer that Time in the Army,) was not imbark'd in the Spaniſh Expedition, but was oblig'd to an ingenious Friend for his Informations, wherein he himſelf was actually engag'd till the Reduction of the City of Barcellona, *which afforded the Author Matter for the Compoſition of this Poem.*

The Author's tedious Sickneſs whereof he dy'd, hinder'd him from making ſuch Corrections which he deſign'd, eſpecially in the Two laſt Canto's, and ſome conſiderable Time elaps'd ſince his Death before the Original was produc'd under his own Hand, nor indeed had it been now publiſh'd, but at the Inſtance of ſome of his ingenious Friends, though doubtleſs had he liv'd it wou'd have appear'd much more correct, which 'tis hop'd may be pleaded as a juſtifiable Excuſe for its preſent Defects,

eſpecially

especially in curtailing the Names of such Officers of whom he gives such deserving Characters, which the Publisher wou'd not presume to fill up for fear of Mistake, but judges it not very difficult to come to the Knowledge of 'em by viewing the Lists of such Regiments and Officers which compos'd that Army who were at the Reducing the City of Barcellona.

As the Author has been very fortunate in pleasing the Ingenious of both Sexes in his Comedies, so it may be hop'd this posthumous Work of his may not be unacceptable, and that the Criticks in Poetry may not be too severe in their Censures.

BARCEL-

Barcellona.

A

POEM.

CANTO I.

NOW had thoſe Fleets *once* Rivals in diſpute,
Had battle'd often, for a bare Salute
Own'd the ſame common Cauſe; their Squadrons I meet
And yield a Proſpect formidably great,
With looſen'd Sails before the Winds they go,
Here Engliſh Flags, *there* Belgick Stremers flow.
Thoſe in the Van, with awful Pomp appear,
And *theſe*, lie by, to guard the lagging Rear;
Capacious Tranſports, big with warlike Force,
Sail ſafe between, and keep the middle Courſe.
While on their Waſts the chearful Soldiers ſtand
And long to ſtretch their Joints on welcome Land.
For Preparation both in Men and Store,
No Expedition run ſo high before,

United firm the Nations frankly vote,
To carry Terrors off to Lands remote;
Close the Design——the *differing* People gueſs,
And all impatient, wait the great Succeſs,
Tho' eager for th' Event, yet much they dread,
A *brave* and *puſhing* General at their Head.
Loud Murmurs ran, and with a ſawcy Voice,
Arrain the beſt of Sovereigns in her Choice.
Some in Experience tardy Meaſures make,
Firſt, by freſh Errors, rectifie Miſtake,
Improv'd at laſt, they mend as they decay,
Their Judgments riſe, as they riſe in Pay:
By dint of lingring time ſlow Captains made,
They work upon the War, as on a Trade.
Such have we ſeen on the Alſatian Plain,
Make mighty Conqueſts to retire again.
For Contributions ſtrenuous they excell,
No *Hero*'s ever canton'd Troops ſo well;
They ſpin the War in cuning dull delay,
By Night unravel what they wove by Day,
With lingring Steps, o'er difficulties climb,
And wait Peace iſſuing from the Womb of Time.
Not ſuch the *Heroes*, whom the *Gods* create
Expreſsly for the War with Martial Heat,
Who dart like Sun Beams to the utmoſt Line,
At *once* ſet out, and reach the grand Deſign.
Thus *Philip*'s *Son* had half the World o'er run
Before the *aſtoniſht* World perceiv'd his Courſe begun.
Such *Mordaunt* was, on whom this Buſineſs lay,
Mordaunt had Fire to o'er inform his Clay,
But not ſuperfluous;
The *Hero* glowing at his Army's Head,
The Soldiers caught the Sparkles as they fled,
Which made each Man a *Mordaunt* that he led.
From the *Firſt Light* his active Judgment flows,
Almoſt by Intuition *Mordaunt* knows

War

War not his Province; yet the *Hero* knew,
To take in long Experience at a View,
Stood in his Ken, and with a bold Eſſay,
Mark'd all the *Heights* and *Diſtances* of Sway,
Chalk'd *Naſſaw*'s Steps at *Namur* and the *Boyn*,
And *Marlborough*'s larger Strides on *Blenhem*'s Bloody Plain.
Early the *Hero* in the Senate ſtood
A *Daring Champion* for his Country's Good,
Brought all its paſt Miſcarriages about,
And laſh'd *within*, the Errors made *without*.
The liſtning *Peers* an awful Silence guard,
Their ſtrickt Attention he could well reward,
When ſiding Parties ſtrong Debate had warm'd,
And juſt *perſwaſive Warmth* had *Mordaunt* arm'd,
Gods! how he ſpoke——
His *Eloquence* like ſome full Boſom'd Flood,
With native Surface undiſtain'd with Mud,
Not broke by abrupt Banks, nor ſunk in Holes,
But thro' the Plain, rather *declines* than *rowls*,
With an Impetuous, but unbroken Sway,
O'er the weak bending Reeds does gently play;
But if ſome Dike oppoſe its Barrier Side,
The *Torrent* ſwells, grows rapid in its Pride,
And forces all with Arbitrary Tyde.
Long had he waited for a bold Command,
To ſtretch his *Soul* and executing *Hand*,
It offers now——the Royal Seals ordain,
To *Mordaunt*, Power ſupream upon the Plain,
And *Shovell* poſt his Partner on the Main.
Shovell had oft' the Britiſh Squadrons led,
Oft' frighted *Thetis* from her wat'ry Bed;
The Nymph agaſt, ſtarts from her Coral Throne,
Wak'd with *his* Tempeſt louder than her *own*.
With him, the Nations knew their Fleet ſecure,
And Seamen fought becauſe of Conqueſt ſure.

From two ſuch Chiefs united in Employ,
The Coward ſhakes with *Fear*, the Brave with eager Joy;
The People feel alternate *Hopes* and *Fears*,
And Mothers melt in antidated Tears.
Now, from the kinder *North* a Gale is ſent,
That ſtreins each Concave Sail to ſtiff Extent,
Southward they ſteer and ſhun that hoſtile Place,
Where *Tourville* loſt his Ships and found Diſgrace,
Preſs'd hard by *Ruſſel* with impetuous Shocks;
Some drive on *Shoals*, ſome ſtrike on couchant *Rocks*.
Monſtrous Deformities the *Surges* bore,
And ſcatter'd *Ruins*, thick emboſs the Shore.
Unhappy *Tourville* from the Deep retires,
And mourns his Fleet conſum'd by foreign Fires,
Mourns his *Sun Royal*, now an Orb of Flame,
As if there were an Omen in the Name.
Forward they ſail and paſs that boiſterous Bay,
Where deadeſt Calms ne'er influence the Sea,
Where unprovok'd by Winds the Billows roar,
Rowl Mountain high and daſh the humble Shoar.
Next they proceed by *Bayonne*'s verdant Iſles;
Not diſtant far, inrich'd with foreign Spoils
Stands *Vigo Bay*——within, the flota lies,
From *India*'s rifled Stores, a wealthy Prize.
The Ships of Force range in a Line before,
Boom'd in, and fenc'd with Batteries from the Shore,
In vain——for now the dreadful Engins play,
Ormond by Land, and *Rook* attacks by Sea.
The Boom flies ſhort, the abandon'd Forts begin
To turn their Fire, and pour freſh Vengeance in,
Confederate Horrors of the Land and Sea,
In thick Obſcurities involve the Day;
The adverſe Elements compound the Spoil,
And ſhare the Profits of the Warrior's Toil.
They ſooth each others *Enmity* and *Rage*,
In joint Deſtruction o'er the purpl'd Stage,

What e'er eſcap'd th' Extreams of Fire and Sea,
Became a *Britiſh* or a *Belgick* Prey.
This was Great *Ormond*'s valiant Feat of Arms,
Who's martial Preſence *animates* and *charms*,
Mars the great God of War frowns in his Eye,
And *Cupid*, God of Love, ſits ſmiling by;
A Friend he is to all, that's *juſt* and *brave*,
And equally hates the *Coward* and the *Knave*.
Whilſt others *baſely* ſcorn the humble Crowd,
And ſtrive to climb, becauſe they wou'd be proud.
His graceful Preſence is to none denied,
For he's too great to ſtoop to ſlaviſh Pride;
His Veins has often ſhed a purple Flood,
And like the Sea, his precious vital Blood
Has flow'd, and always ready is to flow,
To guard this Britiſh Iſland from the Foe.
'Twas *here* he ſeiz'd the Plate of *France* and *Spain*,
And burnt their Naval Strength upon the Main,
And thus return'd loaded with *Indian Pelf*,
He *all* enrich'd, except it was *himſelf*.
Hence where rich *Tagus* by *Lisbona*'s Side,
Pays Oceans Tribute with his golden Tide,
They bend their Courſe——Unhoſpitable Ground!
Where *little* Faith, and *leſs* of Friendſhip's found,
Where ſcanty Gains reward the Labourer's Toil,
Choak'd by the Clergy, Weeds that load the Soil;
What Seeds of Good thou gain'ſt by foreign Aid,
By thy *unkindly* Sands are ill repaid!
For *Albion*'s Blood which widow'd Tears lament,
What canſt thou pay? For *Albion*'s Treaſure ſpent;
What canſt thou pay? poor parch'd ungrateful Coaſt,
For that brave Hand which *great Ruvigni* loſt.
That *giving* Hand, felt by his Friend and Foe,
Which Favours *there*, and *here* did Fate beſtow.
Again they ſail, and thro' ſome hazy Frets,
Steer from *reſiſting Cales*, and gain the *Streights*,

Where

Where an old *Hero* of immortal Fame,
Ceas'd from his Labour and inſcrib'd his Name,
Here, a ſtupendious Promontory ſtands,
The Southern Point of *European* Lands,
Its Eaſtern Front a Steep of ridgy Rocks,
On its *dull Baſe* ſuſtains *Levantine* Shocks,
Along the Weſtern Side the Hill decays,
In Hills alternate, and rough abrupt Ways,
And where ſo e'er the Interſpaces fill,
Botanick Nature ſhews her utmoſt Skill,
Here *Æſculapius* trac'd the ſimpling Path,
And *here* Inſtructed left his Art to *Garth*.
Extending on the coaſting Plain below,
Where Eaſtern Winds with fragrant Murmurs blow,
There ſtands a Town, under a Growth of Fame,
To which its Paſſage owes its modern Name,
This Place was firſt by *Britiſh* Fleets poſſeſs'd,
With *Galick* Fury ſince with Danger preſt,
Suſtaining every Hardſhip that befell,
Six Months beſieg'd, ſix Months defended well.
Now *Mordaunt*'s Frigat haſts this Bay to gain
Whence *Ponti* run from *Leak*, but run in vain.
The *Hero* thence deſcends, and puſht to Land,
Where *Darmſtadt* meets him on the crowded Sand;
Darmſtadt who twice the dubious Place ſuſtain'd,
Sav'd by his *Conduct*, by his *Counſel* gain'd;
Him Mankind owns temper'd with lawful Sway,
Pious ond Prudent, watchful, juſt and gay,
He govern'd Hearts—ſpontaneous Hands obey.
He ne'er gave Mandate with an idle Hand,
His *own* Example was his firſt Command;
Prompt to relieve, none left him unredreſt,
Or by his *Smiles* deceiv'd, or *Frowns* oppreſt,
In Peace and War ſo known to govern well,
He ne'er was Cauſe of Grief untill he fell,
Then all Men griev'd.

Some

Some time elaps'd, the Heroes walk and view
Where *threatning* French their firſt Approaches drew,
Here now in ſpight of Oppoſition made,
A Royal Battery on the Breach was laid,
All wrought to raiſe the Breaſt and Terrace high,
Nor did the Prince himſelf ſtand idly by;
There lay a Bulwark gaping on the Side,
A practicable Breach, but never tried,
The doubtful Foe durſt no Attack begin,
They knew that *Death* and *Darmſtadt* lodg'd within,
Hence they aſcend, and to that Battery came,
Which to its firſt Projector owes its Name;
Here they obſerve, nor did refuſe their Praiſe,
The French ſurmount impracticable Ways;
Thick panting up the craggy Mount they crawl,
And *Giant like*, ſtorm rugged Nature's Wall,
Like Emmets, in promiſcuous Swarms they creep,
Cling to the Rocks and graple with the Steep.
The Summit gained, their *trembling* Eyes they caſt
With Horror back upon the Danger paſt;
Scarce dare their giddy Brains the Diſtance take
Which *now* their mangled Carcaſſes muſt make,
For *now* the Prince attacks——the Gallick Foe,
From cuſtom'd Fate in Fire no Weakneſs ſhow,
But ſhiver at the Thought of untry'd Death Below.
Horrid the Senſe——from Steep to Steep they bound,
At laſt with frightful Smaſh they daub the Ground,
Some ſtuck half way, on pointed Rocks complain
And cry for Death to eaſe their wretched Pain,
The Proſpect lengthen'd, for *below* are ſeen
Promiſcous Arms, Brains, Legs, and Trunks of Men,
Some by the Sword choſe Death's profound Abyſs,
Rather than leap this dreadful Precipice.
O! faithleſs Rock that bore the warm Embrace
Of Champions courting thee in Glory's Race!
That ſtretch'd thy treacherous Arms to help the Brave

With eager Toil, only to find a Grave!
Thus Mortals at Ambition's louder Call,
With Labour gain the Top, with Ruin *thence* to fall.
Now having view'd the Incampment of the Foe,
And by what Oblique Lines the Trenches go.
Where every Chief his Prize of Glory won,
Where *Ajax* fought, and where *Thyrſites* run,
They with the Leſſer Circumſtances end,
And both the *Heroes* to the Fleet deſcend.
Now by *Europa*'s Point they ſtretch away,
Quiting the *Streights*, and gain the *Midland* Sea,
A Native Barrier, ſerving to reſtrain,
The Mooriſh Enmity and Rage of *Spain*,
Then towards that Place, were by the Current ſet
Where *Rook*'s rough Squadron with *Tholouſe*'s met;
Where waſted Stores, Fatigue and haizy Weather
Parted the Fray, and gave the Odds to neither;
Thus when *Ulyſſes* on the Trojan flew,
And interpoſing *Pallas* ſtood in View,
Both Parties toil'd, compounded the Offence,
And thank'd the Gods for giving a Pretence.

CANTO

BARCELLONA.

CANTO II.

WAS Summer now, and heavy Calms begun
To *clog* their Courſe, and *hang* upon their Run;
Then the Commanders in a thick Reſort,
Haſten on Board the Flag, the *Naval Court*
This goodly Ship o'er all the Seas renown'd,
Shew'd like an *Iſland* with the *Forreſt* crown'd
In it's Autumnal Dreſs, when Winds forbear
To ſtrike the Boſom of the Balmy Air,
And ſickly Leaves hang fading o'er the Place,
Meet no Diſturbance but decay in Peace.
Here waiting Crowds obſequiouſly draw near,
For *Intereſt*, makes Men *Courtiers* even here.
In Tempeſts, born, thoſe Children of the Main
Compoſe their ruffled Looks with little Pain,
And *ſoft* as Calms can *ſooth* and *cringe* for Gain.
Now whilſt the num'rous Cheifs themſelves addreſs
To Entertainments proper for the Place,

Mordaunt retires, by buſie Crowds unſeen,
And with him takes the Stranger *Guiſcard* in.
Somtime elaps'd——*Mordaunt* deſires to know
What Fate had caus'd the courteous Gaul forgoe
His Native Land, to join a foreign Foe.
Then *Guiſcard* thus——from near the Banks of *Rhoſne*
I lately fled, whoſe bleeding People groan,
Beneath a *Tyrant*'s Rage, no Rods before,
Was e'er ſo ſharp, no Land ſuch *Laſhing* bore,
In vain the labouring Hind manures the Soil,
Deſtruction reaps the Harveſt of his Toyl,
All that from foreign Shoars the Merchant gains,
Extracted out of Induſtry and Pains,
Oppreſſion graſps at once, and in a Day,
The Labours of a Life are ſnatch'd away;
The *Poor* and *Weak* are always in the wrong,
Nor is there *Property*, but in the Strong;
In vain the Houſhold Gods they all invoke,
Their Gods are ſnatch'd away, *their* Altars broke,
The *Free born Mind* is now no longer free,
Nor *Reaſon* acts but by the King's *Decree*.
Strange Arbitrary Sway that thus commands
A Forfeiture of *Senſe* as well as *Lands*;
Religion to the Gown becomes a Sport,
Prieſts like Dragoons, take Order from the *Court*;
No ſacred Miſſion from *their* God they bring,
Their Goſpel is a Warrant from their King;
By *that*, theſe ghoſtly Villans preach and pray,
Draw forth Confeſſions, privately betray,
And make all Seals of Secreſy give way.
Hence, Patriots unheard are doom'd to feel
The *laſting* Rigours of the dark Baſtile,
Sudden and *Sure* as the Arreſts of Fate
Are *thoſe*, for that cloſe *Limbo* of the State,
Hard to repaſs, as *Hell's* infernal Gate.

Here,

Here, luſty Youth, whoſe light aſpiring Soul,
The wide capacious World could ſcarce controul,
In vain laments his darling Freedom croſt,
And his whole Brood of noble Pleaſures loſt.
There aged Truth to Walls may plead his Cauſe,
The *Walls* his Judges, and his *Chains* the Laws;
Tortur'd by private Racks, the Wretch ſometimes
Is forc'd to own ſome ne'er committed Crimes,
Condemn'd by falſe Confeſſions he muſt bleed,
And private Murder expiates the Deed.
Unknown to Parents, *here* may Children die
Unknown to Friends, *there*, deareſt Freinds may lie.
The Lover doubly chain'd may *here* expire,
And th' unconſcious Maid ſtill hope with warm Deſire.
Such is the Tyrant's Vengeance on the Land,
But where his hoſtile Fleets the Seas command,
A freſher Scene of Miſery ſucceeds,
Where many a poor Cevennian Captain bleeds;
Where *thoſe*, that in ſoft Plenty liv'd before,
Now chain'd in Couples, naked, gaul'd and ſore,
Jerk at each Laſh, and *lug* the bended Oar.
Thus long enſlav'd, they no Reſiſtance made,
But bore what Burdens their Oppreſſors laid;
At length *Religion* rous'd him in her Cauſe,
And *Nature* urging to aſſert her Laws,
Wide *Intereſts* join in the vindictive Scene,
Opinions cloſe and leave no Chaſme between,
But like deſcending Branches, all agree
To centre in the Root of Liberty.
'Twas *then* the luſty Youth together crowd,
Each *catching* at what Arms his *Fury* ſhew'd;
At firſt, with generous Rage they firmly ſtand,
Till veteran Force o'er run the harreſt Land,
Then to the Woods and Wilds for Refuge go,
There they remain and wait the Tyrant's Blow.

Such is the wretched Caſe of *thoſe* for whom
To ſupplicate Releif, I abandon Home;
To *Anna*, the Aſylum of Diſtreſs,
Whoſe great Endeavours diſtant Nations bleſs,
To *Anna*, the Afflicted all muſt ſue;
Thither my Courſe, when I fell in with you.
And hope, great Sir, this powerful Fleet I ſee,
For our Aſſiſtance may appointed be.
Then *Mordaunt* thus——I own moſt courteous Gaul,
Your *preſſing Wants* for *ſpeedy Succours* call,
Cevennian Troubles reach remoteſt Land,
And may expect Relief from *Anna*'s Hand;
But *now* her Armies bend a different Courſe,
He pauſed——and then continued his Diſcourſe.
Scarce had that *Villain Prieſt* of working Brain,
Betray'd to *France* the *Civil Rights* of *Spain*,
When thro' the ſeveral Nations that compoſe
That Empire, Diſcontents and Fears aroſe,
Of theſe, a People vigorous fierce and tall,
Who from *Valentia* reach the Bounds of *Gaul*.
Early aſſert their *Native Rights*, and Show
What ever *Zeal*, depriv'd of Power can do;
In broken Troops, they ſcower the Neighbouring Plain,
Then fly for Refuge to their Hills again.
Then like fell Hawks deſcending low, to bear
Their raviſh'd Prey, ſoon quit the Danger there;
Mount out of Sight, and hide themſelves in Air.
This raſh Attempt to ſurer Bondage leads:
Here were the *Hands*, but deſtitute of *Heads*.
The Nobles challeng'd by their injur'd Laws,
Receive a moving Call t'aſſert their Cauſe;
Yet *prudence* louder calls, to arm forbear,
Without a Proſpect of Protection near,
The bleeding People, thus oppreſs'd complain,
Look on their Cheifs for Help but look in vain;

Of Leaders deſtitute, and warlike Stores,
Thus humbly ſue to thoſe Confederate Powers,
Who, the third *Charles* protect, and in his Choice
Preſerve the *Scale* of *Europe* in a Poize.
Albion, the firſt of theſe, a wealthy Land,
Stretching to diſtant Shoars her wide Command,
Now rul'd by *Anne*; the Bleſſing of her Age,
The *Scourge* of Tyranny and *lawleſs* Rage;
Juſtice at her Command keeps even Courſe,
And *her* Example gives her Precepts Force;
Theſe join'd, ſuppreſs all Evils in their Growth,
None can withſtand the Unity of both;
Her, every Art, does for its Patron chuſe,
The *Theme* of Wit and *Subject* of the Muſe.
Converted Malice owns her Rightful State,
And proſelited Faction ſhuns Debate;
Under ſo juſt a Management we live,
Subjects, ſecure of Application, *give*;
In Glory, ſhe does all thoſe Kings ſucceed,
Which former Times tranſcrib'd for *her* to read.
Her Predeceſſor, of immortal Fame,
In the full Tyde of *France* had ſtopt the Stream;
But *ſhe*, by her Lieutenants has done more,
And urg'd the *Stream* back, to the *Spring* of Power.
Albion had often bled in Hopes of Eaſe,
Engag'd in War, only to purchaſe Peace.
Oft puſh'd her Squadrons thro' th' embattl'd Way,
And drove the *panting* Monſter to a Bay:
While no Advantage ſhe propos'd to find,
Beyond the common Safety of Mankind.
Her, *Darmſtad* ſerv'd at th' Herbernian Flood,
And urg'd her Troops thro' *Deluges* of Blood,
On Belgick Plains, while ſtill the Hero trod
His Father's Steps in Worſhip of his God.
And now in *Albion* ſhews himſelf again,
To preſs the Reſcue of *Revolting Spain*:

Where

Where with *ſtrong Reaſons*, and a *graceful Mien*,
He mov'd the *Senate* and the *ſacred Queen*.
Shows *Catalonia* ready to declare,
Invokes Aſſiſtance, and *demands* the War;
How the three Kingdoms, on the Midland Sea,
Oppreſs'd with Wrongs, but by Conſtraint obey:
How a ſmall Force ſent outwards might inſure
Men prompt for Vengeance, for Revolt mature:
Enough diſguſted at a Foreign Line,
To *out* the *French* and bring the *Auſtrian* in.
Then having urg'd the Profits that muſt riſe
From *France*, ſtrip'd naked out of all Allies;
He ſhew'd thoſe great Advantages, that are
To recompence the Charge of ſuch a War.
How intercepted Trade, that moves but ſlow,
Will ceaſe to ſtagnate, and begin to flow.
How Eaſtern Commerce muſt begin to thrive,
When Spaniſh Harbours their Protection give.
And Indian Drugery encourag'd thus,
Muſt leave th' Elixir of its Toil for us.
Whilſt *France* crampt up, and ſtop'd in its Supplies,
Muſt *fall* by Steps that *raiſe* the Great Allies.
His Reaſons carry a prevailing Force,
And *Catalonia* ends our preſent Courſe.
He ſpoke: They talk'd a while. *Guiſcard* withdrew,
And ſhew'd himſelf again to publick View.

BARCELLONA.

CANTO III.

AT *Mordaunt*'s Prayer ſtiff Gales their Canvaſs fill,
And bring their Fleet in Sight of *Monjuich Hill*:
Next, from the Mountain to the roulling Main,
Appears that ſpacious, that delightful Plain,
Where *Barcelona* ſtands: A fruitful Ground,
Where Natures Plenty is ſpontaneous found.
Thick ſtudded on the Vale fair Structures lay,
Like Daizies on young Meadows ſet in *May*.
At length the City opens to the Sight,
Aſpiring Churches make th' unequal Height;
Tall Steeples o'er the Buildings proudly riſe,
Whoſe pointed Spires menace the lofty Skies.
Eaſtward, ſome Furlongs off the Town, they ſtretch,
And drop their Anchors, out of Cannon Reach;
Th' impatient Soldiers, after three Months Stay,
With Longings, wait on Board the Riſe of Day,
Some nodding, in dry Battle ſpend the Night,
And ſafely ruſh into the thickeſt Fight.

Some

Some fix their Arms, *ſome* brace the ſullen Drum,
Some dream of Conqueſt, and of Plunder *ſome*.
Now Light aſcending gilds the Eaſtern Skies,
The *Shades* ſink downwards as the *Beams* ariſe.
The Birds of Darkneſs with the Night retires,
And Stars decreaſing wink away their Fires.
When every Warriour with bright Arms in Hand,
Stand active for the expected Word to land.
Around, throng'd Troops does in the Boats appear
With Colours looſe, and all the Sounds of War
The Sailors Shouts, and Soldiers chearful Cries,
Percuſſive ſhake the Shoars and pierce the Skies.
Mordaunt himſelf the *Signal*, leads the Van,
The Gods lookt down and bleſt the Godlike Man;
The *Tritons* proud, their favourite Burden bore,
And Winds Confederate, waft him to the Shoar.
The Chiefs with active Bounds, their Boats forſake,
Poſſeſs the Land, *there*, firmer Stations take:
The Soldiers tread the Glebe with eager Joy,
Whilſt mutual Welcomes, Tongues and Hands employ;
Tranſported, *ſome* upon their Captains call
To be led ſtreight to *Barcellona*'s Wall,
While *ſome* ſupine, upon the Welcome Strand,
With Limbs extended, print the paſſive Sand:
Thence view the Fleet, and thence Remembrance take
Of their paſt Hardſhips on the boiſtrous Lake;
Recount their tedious Voyage o'er and o'er;
What Oaken Beds, what Sickneſs, Thirſt they bore,
Then thank'd the Gods that brought them ſafe to Shoar.
Some climb the neighbouring Summits to deſcry
The Approach of adverſe Troops; and *ſome* to ſpy,
If any Hope of Booty might be nigh.
To *theſe*, deſcending from the Hills afar,
Appear the duſty Clouds of marching War:
The moving Cohorts, in a dubious Mien,
Now, Friends to *France*, *now*, ſeem'd to *England*'s Queen:

Till

Till *Darmſtad*'s Ken, the wide Conjecture ends,
And *Catalonian* Shouts confeſs'd 'em Friends;
All arm'd and well appointed for the Fight,
And firmly bent to vindicate their *Right*:
The Prieſts and Nobles own their *Auſtrian* King,
And Acclamations thro' both Armies ring.
The Country thus declar'd, remain'd alone,
To fix their Conqueſt, the proud *Barcelone*.
A Town large, wealthy, populous and ſtrong,
Fit for a Stay to Empire, yet whilſt young.
Where old *Velaſco* in Command grown Grey,
With his Confederate Strength, collected lay;
The *Chiefs* in Counſel ſat, the general Voice,
Votes for a Siege, great *Mordaunt*'s hardy Choice,
Which puſh'd ſucceſsful, forcibly muſt gain
A powerful Influence on the Fate of *Spain*.
Thus bold, they thus determine, and their Care
Succeeds to diſimbark the Stores of War.
Mordaunt's Example urg'd his Orders on,
Refreſh'd the *Faint*, and made the *Tardy* run:
Deaf to the Calls that clamorous Nature makes,
He reſtleſs moves, nor craving Slumber, wakes.
Here confluent Crowds with animating Voice,
Tug to the creeking *Machines* grating Noiſe;
By firm Endeavour, and prevailing Hands,
Their ponderous Wheels plough thro' the ſinking Sands:
On lofty Carriages erected ſtood
The weighty Guns, late Burdens to the Flood:
The Ships, now lighter made, amaze the Foe,
Put on new dreadful Forms, and taller grow:
Upward the lofty Pines are ſeen to ſhoot,
As when they ſprouted from their Mountain Root.
The thronging *Catalans* with Care ſupply
Materials for erecting Batteries high.
All labour'd——All muſt labour to be Great,
Or, *Mordaunt* like, make ſuch a Work compleat.

Above the Tops of lofty Mountains, where
Æther, releas'd from Storms, breaths balmy Air,
The *Genij* dwell intelligent, and show
Respective Care o'er Provinces below.
Of *these*, a *Spright*, fierce, bloody, hugely tall,
Subtle, and vigilant, protected *Gaul*,
Of Strengh, and Stature, equal to his Care,
Tyrannically Proud, *Majestically* Fair.
His Native Lillies on his Cheeks were spread,
And martyr'd Blood laid on the blushing Red:
His Temples, ravish'd *Crowns* and *Rights*, adorn,
And at his Feet, lay Heaps of Treaties torn.

Long had *he* toil'd, nor were his Labours lame
To fetter *Europe* and make *France* Supream.
Strong his Efforts, he aw'd declining *Spain*,
Inspir'd old *Richlieu*, and spur'd on *Turenne*.
The *former*, Leagues occasional to make,
With antidated *Purpose*, Leagues to break.
Decisive Sword, the casuist Warrior draws,
And Success pleads, and justifies the Cause.
Hence, the proud *Genius* saw the ancient Bounds
Of *France* abscon'd, in Tracts of conquer'd Grounds.
Hills set on Hills, and Rivers thro' the Plain,
Met Rivers, to *oppose* his *Troops* in vain.
In vain, the *Pirenees* point chilling Snows,
Currents, in vain, Banks limiting expose:
The rapid *Rhine*, smooth'd his indignant Wave,
And *Lewis* trod upon the *murmuring* Slave.
Progressive *thus*, he turn'd his haughty View,
Iberia's Proud Dominion to Pursue;
Soon gave Pretence to his ambitious Aims,
And *Priest-craft* brib'd, young *Bourbon, there* Proclaims.
Then who remain'd the sinking World to save,
Great *Nassaw* fell——the *Spright* Insults his Grave;
Thence cries aloud, my labouring Task is done,
Proceed *Gran Lewis*, boldly now go on;

Now,

Now, I have ſtamp'd thy Victories compleat,
And leave thy Force an over-match for Fate.
This ſaid——the *Genius* with paſt Cares *oppreſt*,
His Lillies folded in, and ſunk to reſt.
Miſtaken Spright! thy *Bourbon* to forſake,
And idely Sleep, when moſt requir'd to Wake.
Anna's denouncing Trumpet, that defies
Thy Perjur'd Prince, and fills the conſcious Skies,
Awakes thee not, not *Europe*'s louder Voice,
Bleſſing Auſpicious *Anne* in her Choice
Of *Marlb'rough*'s Sword——nor *Blenheim*'s dreadful Plain,
Ten thouſand Cries invoke thy Help in vain;
In vain, thy Favourite *Lewis* Raves and Weeps,
His *Angel* calls in vain, his *Angel* ſleeps.
And ſlept ſecure; till the big Trump of Fame,
Fill'd with the lofty Notes of *Mordaunt*'s Name,
Shook the *Iberian* Hills with Ecchoing Blaſt,
And pierc'd the *Demons* loathful Ear at laſt.
Agaſt he roſe, and caſting round his Eyes,
Ye Gods! it cannot be——the *Demon* cries,
Or I have Ages ſlept——
Such wondrous Change in *Gallia*'s Face I ſee,
No leſs than Work of *Ages* it can be.
Whence rears the *Danube* thus his creſted Flood,
And ſwells his *Sanguine* Banks with Tides of Blood.
How came thoſe reeking Heaps of *Gallick* ſlain,
That *tall*, that *monumental* Spire on *Hockſtet* Plain;
What heavenly Form, ſerene, auguſtly Fair,
Adorns the Top, and lights the ambient Air?
The *Genius* here, with dubious Wonder preſt,
Firſt *Juno* fancy'd, then *Minerva* gueſt,
Till downwards looking, *Bourbon*'s proſtrate Mien,
Confeſs'd the greater Goddeſs, *England*'s *Queen*.
The *Spirit* ſtarts, ſhock'd with a wild Surpriſe,
Strain'd hard to look, but his affrighted Eyes

Ake at the Object, then falls ſinking down
At the bare Shadow of *Great Anne*'s Renown;
His dire Regards far thence the *Demon* ſends,
But no Place finding that his Proſpect mends;
Diſpair and *Grief* his hardned Silence broke,
Oh! had I never ſlept, or ne'er awoke,
Inrag'd, he cries——*where*, tell ye Furies, *where*
My preſent Aid, and my late dormant Care
Is wanted moſt, my *Gallia* to repair.
There, *Marlb'rough* drives us thro' the duſty Plain,
Yonder, we fly from conquering *Eugene*:——
Haughty ſtands *Baden there*, at ſullen Bay;
Yonder, *Ruvignies* Squadrons puſh the Day.
Here, *Mordaunt*'s Cohorts vex the heated Plain,
And formidable *Showell* awes the Main;
From *Marlb'rough*'s Arms, I much had Cauſe to fear,
But againſt *thoſe*, ſtrong Bulwark'd Towns appear;
Baden he knew, for want of Quota's, *ſlow*;
His Ally wou'd retard *Ruvigne*'s Blow:
Eugene his rapid March thro' Seas of Blood
Urg'd on, but *Vendoſme* and the *Po* withſtood.
But *Mordaunt*, yet a Stranger in the War,
With ſharp deſcerning Ken, he views afar;
Well mark'd his early Toil, and midnight Care,
His eaſie Acceſs, and determin'd Air.
Then cries aloud——this Man, this wondrous Man,
Unleſs prevented, turns the Fate of *Spain*.
Mine it muſt be to fruſtrate his Deſign,
The Work is worthy me——the Work be mine.
This ſaid——he darted thro' the yielding Air;
A Train of Light, like Comets blazing Hair
Purſu'd his Courſe; poor frightful Mortals gaze,
And from the Sight, ſtrange wild Conjectures raiſe.
The *ſtairing Ruſtick*, his wiſe Sentence paſt,
Beware our Grain, he crys, *this* bodes a Blaſt.

Well,

Well, I remember—— then begins a Tale
Of Blazing Star, and propheſying Whale;
Another brings a Story to reply
Some old, and long, ſucceſſive lineal Ly
Which, had like Gout, or ſuch Traditions run
I'th' Blood, from *Father* to the infected *Son*.
The *Zealous Prieſts*, whoſe Province 'tis to pry
Into *Celeſtial* Secrets, hence deſcry
The *Church* in Danger, and no Buckets nigh.
The buſy *Polytician* in Diſgrace,
The Portent views with penetrating Face
Foretells a Change at Court, himſelf a Place.
Some *Philomaths*, the Comets Rage explain,
In Storms at Land and Tempeſts on the Main.
The *Pedlars*, hence, much dread cold rainy Fairs,
And *Sailors* think of going oft to Prayers;
Some fatal Fevers livid Plagues confeſs,
Phyſicians bow, and the fair Omen bleſs.
But now, their laging Sight purſues in vain,
The *Spright* had now reach'd the ſubjacent Plain,
From States to Kingdoms, *there*, he roves about
To ſearch his darling Miſtreſs, *Diſcord*, out;
Thro' his whole Progreſs, every where he ſaw
The deep Impreſſions of the Fury's Paw.
In Cities, *wildly* did the *Fury* range
Her Footſteps plaineſt, on the Crowded Change:
Here in a murmuring Whiſper, ſhe purſues
The Merchants open Ear, with factious News;
With all her Arts, the tedious War decries,
Shews *Funds* exhauſted, and no more Supplies.
Here in a Wager or ſtockjobbing Face,
With knaviſh Lyes ſhe buzzes round the Place.
Inſpir'd by *Her*, Sedition to excite
Rehearſals *here*, *there*, Obſervators write;
At Night, *She* to ſome Lordly Manſion flies,
And, *there*, 'twixt Man and Wife the *Fury* lies.

Nor

Nor was the *Church* from her Impreſſions free,
Prelates and *Convocations* diſagree.
Their ancient Province, *now* lies far remote,
Not who converts a *Soul* adorns his *Coat*,
But who converts a *Burgeſs* for his *Vote*.
Opinions different, different Heat expreſs
And *Doctors* leave the *Pulpit*, for the *Preſs*.
Much read in Books, but ignorant in Men,
The learned Graduate draws his puſling Pen
Diſturbs the Moths, old Notions to tranſlate,
In *Logick* good, impertinent in *State*.
Half ſtuddy'd in *prophane*, half *ſacred* Writ,
'Twixt *Heaven* and *Hell* he hangs, for neither fit:
Fair *Albion*'s Court *once* had the Fury ſeen,
There left Impreſſions deep, but *Albion's Queen*
Had lately from the Place the Fury chas'd,
With ſome few *Friends*, that *Diſcords* Cauſe embrac'd.
Reluctant, ſhe forſook the *ſacred* Ground,
But at the *Bar*, the Compenſation found;
Triumphant *there*, ſhe puzzled every Cauſe,
And left to *Fees* or *Bribes*, the Power of *Laws*;
Then, from the noiſy Hall the *Fury* burſt,
And as ſhe flew, the Neighbouring *Senate* curſt,
Touch'd at the *Lobby*—— but no farther durſt.
Thus far the *Gallick Guardian* paſt the Throng,
Marking the Fury as ſhe went along.
To a fair *Colledge* he at length aſcends,
A new Foundation laid for pious Ends,
Where firſt to the *Library* he bends his Pace,
Hoping to find her in the old *Receſs*.
Here Order ſtood in level Ranks arraid,
The *Duſty* Shelves with *Paper* burthens ſpread,
Books pil'd on Books, the greateſt downward tend,
And Vellum Authors to the Roof aſcend,
Iu Volums, open on the Board, was ſeen,
Here ſomething blotted out, *there* foiſted in.

Hdre

Here, in the Margin, were large Gloſſes plac'd,
And *there* whole *Paragraphs* intirely raz'd.
Now, *Genius* ſearches every Nook with Care,
The *recent* Ink betray'd her lately *there*,
But late withdrawn——he trac'd her blaſted Road,
And found her Speeching to a liſt'ning *Crowd*,
There in a Garb, that ſuits the *Miſſion* well,
Her diſtant Feats, ſhe does with Pleaſure tell.
In *Britiſh* Lands what hopeful Miſchiefs ſtir,
Behind a Mask of *Zeal* inſpir'd by her:
What *Indian* Wonders ſhe had ſeen and done,
Both at the *Setting* and the *Riſing* Sun.
What Work while ſhe far Northward made her Stay,
But not a Word of *Sweden* by the Way.
When now the Fury, lifting up her Eyes,
Well knew the mighty *Genius* by his Size,
Their Glances meet—— the *Demons* gaſtly Air,
Declare his preſſing Wants and Buſineſs there;
She took the *Signal*—— vaniſh'd from their Sight,
And left the *Fathers* in a doubtful Fright;
Who ſtraight repairing to the *ſacred Shrine*,
Own it a *Miracle*, and bleſs the Sign.
The *Gallick Guardian* led the Fury ſtill,
Nor ſtopt untill they came to *Montjuich Hill*;
Here on a Summit of a Cliff they Stand,
Which awes the Sea, and brows the Neighbouring Land.
Then *Genius* thus—— behold on yonder Tide,
The *Brittiſh* Fleet with awful Terrour ride,
Lo! Their *Battalians* on the Plains appear,
Here, Engliſh Troops, *there*, Belgick Cohorts war,
By Spaniſh Rebels joyn'd on every hand,
Here flank'd by Hills, and *Yonder* by the Strand.
Obſerve the working Crowd move up and down,
See how their Preparations brave the Town.
If *Barcellona* drops, the *Province* falls,
And carries Ruin to the Neighbouring Walls.

Which

Which our young *Bourbon* own—— the care be thine
To rid my *Fears*, and baffle their *Deſign*.
Ply *Sergius* cloſe in *him* is lodg'd the Care
Of all their *Train*, and all their Stors of War.
His Councel muſt have Force; thy Task is hard,
But on—— and liſten to thy great Reward.
Thy Friend *Albani* ſends a ſcarlet Hat,
And *Poland*'s *Prymacy* ſhall be thy Lot;
Three baniſh'd Princes, whom our *Cauſe* and *Care*
Have rendred wretched, ſhall attend thy Chair;
Old ſpeeching *Neſtor* ſhall his Offerings bring,
And *Margaretta* ſhall thy Praiſes ſing.
He ſpoke; the Fury with a horrid Smile,
Confeſs'd the *Price* well ſuited to her *Toil*;
Then laſh'd her Sides, that ſwell'd to meet the Blow,
Her flaming Eyes with Luſt of *Miſchief* glow
Tumult and *Faction* cloud her anxious Face,
And creſted Snakes erect, hiſs round the Place.
Enough, my *Darling Spright*, enough; ſhe cries
Before the Sun can meaſure thrice the Skies,
I'll blaſt their *Hopes*, and gain my glorious *Prize*.

BARCELLONA.

CANTO IV.

SHE ſpoke deſcending, and her ſelf convey'd
Swift, as a Shot below its Level made;
To *Sergius* Quarter ſhe directs her Way,
Sergius all Night in broken Slumbers lay,
He thought th' Acceſs impracticably Steep,
And doubt of Succeſs interrupted Sleep:
In Form of *Galba* ſhe approach'd his Bed,
Juſt as the Morning had her Bluſhes ſpread
On Eaſtern Hills; this *Galba* dealt in Mines,
In Angles, Traverſes and oblique Lines;
By *one*, he ſafely cou'd th' Approach compleat,
And by *another*, fortify Retreat.
In taking Aim he felt an odd Delight,
But levell'd low, and ſeldom hit the White.
Thro' a clear Perſpective wou'd often look,
And Danger ſtill in full Proportion took;
But when to Succeſs a fair Paſſage lay,
He turn'd the *Glaſs*, and drove the *Means* away.
Thus, in this borrow'd Form, the Fiend intends
To mould unſtable *Sergius* to her Ends.

To *you*, whoſe Years have yielded length of Courſe,
To judge of promiſing Deſigns with Force.
To *you*, who early with the War begun,
Who *much* have ſeen, and *much* have made your Own,
Your *Galba* comes, to know with what Pretence
Of Judgment, Reaſon, or Experience,
This Work, this fatal Work is thus begun,
Without ſufficient Force to puſh it on.
Our Warriours grant, ſuch as full greatly dare,
A Siege as *ours* is the toughest Tug of War:
This calls for Numbers and ſtupendious Stores,
Neither of which, you know, my Friend, are ours;
Three Moons, theſe Walls, ſuſtain'd *Vendoſm*'s Attack,
Oft puſh'd his veteran Legions bleeding back:
Our living Thouſands rang'd upon the Plain,
Amount not here to *Vendoſm*'s Thouſands ſlain:
Our General wants—I what? among other things,
Councels, and thouſand Advantages it brings;
The Leaders, ſtrong in Oppoſition grown,
Diſtruſt a Conduct wiſer than their own.

Man in the common Courſe of Cauſes gains
To judge of probable Events by Means,
When *Marlb'rough* fights, *Fate* Victory decrees,
And *Prior*'s Song can never fail to pleaſe;
Great *Anna*'s Reign, her Subjects grateful Sence
Follows but as the *Cauſe* and *Conſequence*.
Aurora's Dawn the Sun muſt follow ſtill,
And G——*ns* Eyes retain their Power to kill.
The Bolts confeſs the angry Gods; no leſs
Dejected Swains *M*——*ns* Frown confeſs:
From flowry Meads, we gueſs the Climate mild,
The general Joy, ſpeaks Nations reconcil'd;
Or rather ſays, that *S*——*nd* has ſmil'd.
Who doubts of Wine on *Gallia*'s happy Coaſt,
Or *Nectar*, when fair C——*ſh* is the Toaſt;

When

When frighted Virgins *weep* and *pray*, we know,
A——*le*'s abroad and *O*——*ry* muſt go;
When Poets write, inſpir'd with ſacred Rage,
We're ſure that *Ormond* fills the mighty Page;
And when the liſtning Souls wound up to hear,
Wiſe *Harley* ſpeaks, or *Cooper* charms the Ear.
Again from groſs Defects we're ſure to meet,
Deſigns as ſhort, Miſcarriages as great.
When Hackney Scriblers for a Party write,
Erected Juſtice retributes their Spight.
Or thoughtleſs *C*——*r* riſes from his Place,
The Cauſe he urges, ſinks in his Diſgrace.
Thus *Projects* ill deſign'd, can ne'er prevail,
And without needful Funds, are ſure to fail;
But *here* are Wants peculiar more to you,
The Trains unfurniſh'd, and the Gunners few:
Us will they charge, and tho' we want Supplies,
Allow no Credit for Deficiencies;
Thus muſt we labour, deſtitute of Means,
And without *Unites* multiply our *Tens*.
If Victory ſhou'd on our Side take Poſt,
Things are inverted, and their *Order* loſt.
Cauſes, no longer, their Effects can gain,
And many Links are broke in Natures Chain.
The heavenly People muſt in Crowds come down,
Range on our Side, and make the Cauſe their own;
Or we, to Chance muſt in Proceſſion go,
As to the greateſt *Deity* below.
Deſiſt in Time, leaſt by ſiniſter Fame,
Theſe Works unfiniſh'd, ſhou'd preſerve your Name,
Aſſert your *Folly* and record your *Shame*.
Then *Sergius* thus——O *Galba* your Diſcourſe,
Bears me before it with convincing Force;
I own, my *Reaſon* urg'd the ſame before,
But yours has fixt and rooted it the lower;

My Reſolution mounts, and is made good,
By Help of Numbers and of Neighbourhood;
A ſingle Oak ſhock'd with an angry Blaſt,
Nods, bends and totters, and falls flat at laſt:
But when rough Tempeſts thro' the Forreſt roar,
One Poplar ſerves an other to ſecure.
Thus 'gainſt this raſh Attempt we'll boldly ſtand,
And combat Oppoſition Hand in Hand.
He ceas'd——the *Fury* thus——whilſt yet you have
Redemption in your Power, make haſt to ſave:
When ſurly *Death* has made his Conqueſt ſure,
Not *Celſus*, tho' he ſtrove, cou'd work a Cure.
Celſus who ſees th' Extent of humane things,
And with that Softneſs cures with which he ſings,
Whoſe Numbers might ſuſpend the Tyrant's Strife,
And ſtop the liſtning Soul upon the Verge of Life.
To Day the Chiefs in Council ſits, upon
The ſafeſt *Methods* how to be undone:
Your Arguments will ſhock the thinking few,
They'll ſway the reſt——ſhe finiſh'd and withdrew.
Now ſhe diſrobes her ſelf of her Diſguiſe,
And ſtands a Fury in her former Size,
Then takes another Vehicle of Air,
Compreſs'd into the Form of *Cordelier*,
A *Canting Tool* that *Mordaunt* had employ'd
To preach the zealous *Crowd* to *Auſtria*'s Side:
He knew that o'er the vegetative Throng,
No *Reaſon* cou'd prevail, to *Right* or *Wrong*;
But *Conſcience*, if well manag'd by the Gown,
And *Hell* well threatned, *gives* or *takes* a *Crown*.
In this Diſguiſe the Fury haſtes away,
To ſhed the Influence of her Spight at Sea:
From Ship to Ship, inceſſantly ſhe goes,
And plies the principal *Commanders* cloſe,
Inſinuates, ſhifts her Subjects oft, and makes
Her Language ſute the Man, to whom ſhe ſpeaks;

She *Phocas* moves with Magiſterial Mien,
All *Confidence* without, and *none* within;
In Speech deciſive, partial in his Choice,
Of ſhallow Senſe, and arbitrary Voice.
Bleſt with theſe Talents, Darlings of the Crowd,
The forked Fabrick ſtalk'd and talk'd aloud;
Swell'd like a Billow, bluſtering wou'd he ſtand
Upon his Wooden Province, there command
Tyrant at Sea, and Spaniel on the Land.
To ſome ſhe is cautious, and with wonderous Skill,
Utters ſome *Good*, with Aſpect fixt on *Ill*,
To *ſome* more free ſhe hinted, and cou'd ſhow
Time ſwiftly running, and the Works but ſlow, ——
The Queſtion next with labouring Doubt ſhe choſe,
How weak *Beginnings* proſperous *Ends* ſhou'd cloſe?
How far Succeſs may without Means advance,
Or how far Cauſes may be rul'd by Chance?
How far the Nation cou'd the Loſs ſuſtain
Shou'd their Fleet periſh on the groundleſs Main?
Show'd, if they longer on theſe Coaſts ſhou'd wait,
Approaching Winter, their returning late,
Then told the wretched tale of *Wheeler*'s Fate.
To which great Point having purſued her Drift;
Tho Poiſon ſhe to Operation left,
Sergius, mean while aſſiduouſly beſet
The Land Commanders, and of *thoſe*, he met
Men, who in ſpight of Nature will be wiſe,
Labour and ſweat, and make a mighty Noiſe,
If *Councells* are not ſtampt with their Advice.
But now they ſit, where Silence firſt was broke
By *Mordaunt*; who th' Aſſembly thus beſpoke:
According to the *Reſolutions* made
By you, upon the laſt Debate we had,
The Preparation for the Siege are gone
As far as Circumſtance can puſh 'em on.

'Twas

'Twas then, indeed, concluded best to make
Th' Impression on *this Side* for an Attack?
But later Observations, say it will
Do better, to begin with *Montjuich Hill.*
This Strength commands the Town, with all its Lines,
And opens its weaker Sides to our *Designs.*
Here we our Batteries may with Safety raise,
And carry our Approaches on with Ease:
While, by the help of *fast* and *Hilly* Land,
Sustaining Soldiers will be still at Hand.
To this Opinion, *Darmstadt* has come in;
And *yours* is only wanting to begin.
He ceas'd——
Dissenting Sounds thro' th' Assembly ran,
And several rose; but *Serpion* thus began,
True, I concurr'd in the *Debate* before,
To act against the Town with all our Power,
Because I thought the Country wou'd attend,
With proper Means to serve so great an *End.*
Our Expectations were prepar'd t' have seen
Defection all without, *Revolt* within,
By secret Correspondencies; we thought,
Supplies from *Vich* and *Doris* had been brought:
But this Assistance wanting on our Side,
By the Condition, the Decree's destroy'd.
For as the Man no wilful Madness feigns,
Who thinks to hit without the Help of Means;
So is his Frenzy ne'er a jot the less,
Who leans on Fortune only for Success.
And he who blindly sticks to his first Decree,
When *Seasons* change, or *Causes* cease to be?
Is yet the greatest Madman of the three.
But with your Favour, I may further go,
And say we han't an equal Chance to throw:
Abate their Odds of Walls? *their* Wings wou'd stretch
In open Plains, as far as *ours* can reach.

For

For say in Foot, we are a superior Force,
Yet all allow they out-number us in Horse.
Then what Advantage could we hope to get,
Were their Walls down and levell'd to a Flat.
Here with decreasing Numbers we might come
Yet still want Hands to push the Business home.
Yet say, revolting Crowds themselves disclose,
How far with Safety we may lean to those.
If artless Numbers cou'd the War abide,
Issum had bounded *Alexander's* Pride:
In Sun shine these appear; but shady Night
Conveys 'em out of *Danger*, out of *Sight*.
Then lest th' expending Nations should complain
That Expeditions still are made in vain,
I humbly offer *This*; that we pass o'er
With utmost hast to the *Italian* Shore.
Savoy our great Ally is sore distress'd,
And his *Metropolis* with Danger press'd:
This Force too small for a Diversion *here*,
Will *there* toss up the Ballance of the War.
And 'twill be an Action worthy great Success,
To save such a Confederate as *This*:
By which important piece of Service, *You*,
Your Orders in the second Branch pursue.
He spoke, and several back'd him; when they'd done
Thus *Darmstad*, with a Godlike Grace begun.

The Reasons that induc'd Assent before,
Are still the *same*; but in their Vigour more:
The Correspondence mention'd in the Town,
Goes its own Pace; tho' not so publick known.
Some things too tender are a Touch to bear;
And others lose their Vertue in the Air.
But when they to a ripen'd State attend,
They work with Certainty and gain their End.

Say you there's no Defection to our Side?
How are our Wants so willingly supplied?

Whence

Whence all thoſe Hands that with inceſſant Care,
Provide things needful for th' incounting War?
Who made *Torto's* and *Lerida* our own?
And who on t'other ſide blocks up the Town?
If nothing cures your Infidelity
But *Senſe*; pray ride a little out and ſee:
There you'll find Numbers, ſuch as ill can ſtay
In one united Body without Pay.
If they be rude and artleſs in the War,
Lay no more Strength upon them than they'll bear.
Yet will you find 'em ſtruggle with their Hold;
Rough, patient, hardy, vigilant and bold.

But the great Difficulty yet remains
You're call'd to work without the Help of Means,
That's wanting; but the Want proceeds from you;
For *Reſolution* would the Buſineſs do:
'Tis this will all Deficiencies make good.
Had *Alexander* at the *Granick* Flood,
Stumbled at every Doubt that croſs'd his Way,
His *Tears* had ſwell'd the River to a Sea:
Nor with ſmall Numbers baſhed wou'd aſpire
T'have finiſh'd the ſtupendious Work of *Tyre*.
But what are th' Doubts you croſs your ſelf withall
They cannot whiſtle Armies at a Call.
The Walls you grant may eaſie be lain flat
And I'll pronounce the Buſineſs done with *that*,
To make a Breach allow ſufficient Hands,
And with th' *Aſcent* we'll cloſe up our *Demands*.
An Enemy of courſe will keep the Field,
Until he has a fair Pretence to Yield.

But one Word more, the firſt *Decree* you made
Has drawn ten thouſand People to your Aid:
Wou'd you to *Gallies*, *Gibbets Racks* and *Shame*
Betray thoſe Men that to your *Succour* came.
An Act ſo foul, would fill the World with Cries,
And ſtartle Nature into a *Surpriſe*.

Pinch'd

Pinch'd hard with ſuch Remonſtrances as theſe,
Your *Arguments* can have but little Eaſe:
Then cloſe with mine, and think the Fate of *Spain*
Lies all at Stake. He ſpoke, but ſpake in vain:
For the malignant Influence had got
Too deep Impreſſion to be routed out.
Then *Mordaunt* thus: Since ſo Affairs muſt be
Give your Subſcription to your own Decree.
This they immediately conſented to,
And in Diſſatisfaction all withdrew.
Thence to the Fleet he goes, where having found
No Lenitive to mollify his Wound,
Back he returns on the Approach of Night,
And clog'd with anxious Thoughts retir'd from Sight.

BARCELLONA.

CANTO V.

NOW *Mordaunt*, walking in his Tent cou'd find
No Reſt amidſt the Hurries of his Mind:
His preſent *Croſſes* met his *Troubles* paſt;
And all Misfortunes center in the laſt.
Then ſtriving to expectorate his Grief,
In this Soliloquy he ſought Relief.

Alas what's *Power*, what's *Glory*, *Conqueſt*, *Fame*;
Things we call Bleſſings, but miſtake the Name.
Can they be happy who are forc'd to tread
Thoſe ſlimy Paths where Snakes their Venom ſhed.
Life's but a glittering Bait, for if it run
In a calm Mind thro' eaſe and Plenty on,
Its due to Conſtitution, or to *Chance*;
And thus is only good by Circumſtance.
But what's all this to numerous Crowds that bear
Its preſſing Loads, 'midſt *Wants*, *Diſtruſt* and *Care*;
Who ſtrive againſt the *Steep* of Life to crawl
And loſe their footing on the ſlippery Ball.
Oft when our Joys are in full Proſpect ſeen,
Some ſullen Diſappointment comes between,

The

The fleeting Pleaſure into Shadows go,
And th' Landskip changes to a Scene of Woe.
Yet *ſtill* we drive the fruitleſs Chace; and ſtill
The Fugitive deceives us with a Smile:
Nor tho' thus treated have we Power to make
Th' Advantage riſing from our own Miſtake:
Again we ſink into the ſoft Embrace,
Again we're jilted, and loſe all our Peace:
Again we truſt the flatt'ring Calms, and toſs
The Seas uncaution'd by our former Loſs.
O Hope, thou great Deceiver of the Mind,
What e'er we loſe, by *thee* we expect to find:
Thou flatt'reſt Mankind with Delight at laſt,
Shews them the Golden Fruit and bids them taſt:
But when *Deſire*, with greateſt Force inclines;
You ſhew the *Impotence* of our *Deſigns*.
Thou, thou *Seducer*, makes us ſeek for Eaſe
On rugged Paths, and on tempeſtuous Seas;
But toſt and rambling in a Maze of Care,
Y' abandon us a *Prey* to wild *Deſpair*;
Then prompt us on, by freſh Deceits again,
T' expect Relief in an Exchange of Pain.

How happy is the Man of moderate Store
Who is by another's Toil provided for:
Fortune purveys for *him*, he lives at reſt,
Is of his own *Felicity* poſſeſt,
Which if he underſtands, he's truly bleſt.
And by exporting Hazards, hope to raiſe
Immenſe Returns of profitable Praiſe.
Thus while our Eaſe is at our own command,
We love to wade, tho' there's a Bridge at Hand,
He ceas'd; and for ſome time with Thought oppreſt,
Reclin'd himſelf upon his Bed to reſt.
His Spirits ſoftly thro' their Channels creep;
And ſtraight he ſunk into a downy Sleep.

When *Lo* ! a Form *irregularly* fair
Of frank *Addreſs*, and of alluring *Air*
Approach'd his Sight : Her Age was in the Bloom
Of bluſhing Virgins juſt to Ripeneſs come ;
Eaſie her *Mein*, and what appear'd to be
In all her Shape, was *volatil* and *free*.
No Girdle bound her *Waſt*, no Knots her *Hair*,
This play'd and wanton'd with the ſportive Air :
And all her Blandiſhments ſeem'd *ſuch* as move
The trembling Needle to its Point of *Love*.
Now penſive *Mordaunt*, wondring as he lay,
To ſee a Form ſo irregularly gay ;
Was *thus* by her addreſt : *Me* Mortals know
By Name of *Fortune* ; and where e'er I go,
Regard me as a *Deity* below.
Where now, great *Marlb'rough*, near the *Belgick* Stream
Treads *Naſſau*'s Steps in the Purſuit of Fame,
Lies my *abode*, with Wreaths of Laurels crown'd,
He has the Fulneſs of my *Favours* found.
The *Brave* ask big, nor can I cloſe my Hand
To *Vertue*, when ſhe makes a bold Demand.
No arm e'er *his*, was ſtrong enough to ſtretch
The *Britiſh Glory* to ſo wide a Reach.
Nor need our *Hero* now look back as far
As *Rome* or *Greece* for Preſidents in War :
Much greater Maſters leſs remote they find,
Naſſau 's enough to fire the Warriour's Mind :
In *Marlb'rough* and *Naſſau* collected meet
The ſcatter'd Vertues of the ancient *Great*.
Be theſe your Patterns in th' Affairs of War,
So ſhall the Nations bleſs your pious Care
By their juſt Methods, that *Deſign* purſue
Which when you clos'd your Eyes you had in View.
And think the Admonition you receive
Is, what the Genius of the Land wou'd give.

With

With that, th' admoniſh'd Hero rais'd his Head,
Look'd round, and full of the *Idea*, *ſaid*;
It muſt be ſo; did not the *Viſion* name
Naſſau and *Marlborough*, as my Guides to *Fame*?
Did it not bid me that *Deſign* purſue,
Which when Sleep clos'd my Eyes, I had in View.
My buſie Thoughts, did e'er I ſlumber'd, ſtray
O'er the expected Turns of Yeſterday:
How obſtinately bent the Leaders were
To abandon *Spain*, and loſe good Footing *here*;
And how to gloſs their dark Intentions o'er,
They urg'd our Paſſage to th' *Italian* Shore.
How, when on Board the Fleet I told the News,
The Sea Commanders their Aſſent refuſe.
Urging the Dangers met by thoſe that roam
In ſtormy Seaſons, and ſo far from Home.
Conſidering next, how by inquiring Laws,
The *Conſequence* might here involve the *Cauſe*:
And ſatisfy'd, this *Choice* was ſtill my own,
To fall in Company, or riſe alone,
I purpos'd in my ſelf, no more to be
Encounter'd by an oppoſite *Decree*;
But by an Attack on *Montjuich Hill*, to have
Or certain *Glory*, or a certain *Grave*.
Now had *Aurora* uſher'd in the Light,
And conquering Morning chas'd the Troops of Night;
When th' *Hero* bow'd to his *Creator* thrice;
Then to good *Darmſtad* haſten'd for Advice.
Highly the great Deſign did *Darmſtad* pleaſe;
Who fortified it by ſuch Words as theſe.
By *tim'rous Minds* made fearful by Complaints,
Councils are call'd to juſtifie *Events*:
It's true, the *Brave* are rid of half their Cares,
When *other* Mens Aſſents come in with *theirs*:
But where *Diſpatch* and *Vigour* ſhou'd be great,
The *Enterprize* grows cool beneath *Debate*.

This

This Action you're upon, affords no leſs
Then a fair View of probable Succeſs.
Their Force is bent on *This*, on t'other Side
They fear no Danger; and 'tis ill ſupply'd.
To render 'em ſecurer, ſeem to make
A Stop; and let your Preparations ſlack:
Then give it out, that tir'd in an Affair,
Which yields no *Proſpect* but of foul *Deſpair*;
You'll riſe from *Barcellona* and ſit down
Before th' important Town of *Tarragon*.
In *War* Amuſements are of wond'rous Pow'r;
But *This* is uſeful on a double ſcore;
'Twill lull your Foes; and while none knows your Ends,
Bind up the *Laxity* of babling Friends.
Thus Secrecy the Buſineſs will enſure,
And make the Blow both *ſudden* and *ſecure*,
Your Foes, like Men where Magazins take Fire,
Shall ſee one *Glace* of Ruin, and *expire*.
The Fort, the Hill and Paſſages thereon,
To *Me* of old, familiarly were known.
Therefore, when things are ripe for the Deſign,
With your Conſent, the Conduct ſhall be mine.
Then *Mordaunt*, thus: Be yours the ſole Command;
The Buſineſs calls for a well manag'd Hand;
Therefore, *in Juſtice* muſt devolve on you,
Ulyſſes Arm beſt bends *Ulyſſes* Bow.
But you muſt give me Leave t' attend you *There*.
Tho' but as a Companion in th' Affair.
A while their mutual Friendſhips they renew
By freſh *Civilities*; and ſo withdrew.
Aſſoon as the *Decree* in Councel made,
Had thro' the Limits of the Army ſpread.
The Face of things put on an Air of Woe,
And Warriours in dejected Poſtures go;
Dreading the Scandal of a baſe Return,
They greive, and with Deſire of Action burn.

Th'

Th' *Italian* Expedition, once made known,
Gave them a *Spring* of Hope, that wither'd ſoon:
For *this*; but ſhew'd it ſelf, and paſs'd away,
Shock'd by th' Encounter which it met at Sea.
At length, the News of *Terragona* rings;
Which ſeem'd to fix th' unſettled State of *Things*:
This Way, the Preparations all incline,
As Evidences of a true Deſign.
Again, the Guns, the wounded and the Weak,
With all th' Incumb'rances of War which make
A Length of lagging March, are ſent away;
As if deſign'd for *Terragon* by Sea:
While the glad People chearfully prepare,
All neceſſaries for the moving War.
Now *Things* approach'd ne'er to their ripen'd State;
And forward Preparations ſeem'd to wait:
When Orders ſwift, were thro' the Camp convey'd,
That a Detatchment ſhould be quickly made:
A Thouſand Men of War; a choſen Band;
At th' Head of which, the leading *Hero*'s ſtand,
All ready for the Fight. *C——d* in place
The firſt; a Noble of the *Hibernian* Race;
Who thought to encounter *Death* with Gallantry,
Was to live well, and be prepar'd to die.
A——n with Age and large Experience bleſt?
Whoſe *Soul* denies his *Body* needful reſt.
S——l whoſe Youth muſt plead in his Excuſe
Of over Warmth; ſprung from an ancient Houſe
Ne'er *Senus*'s Banks; where forc'd by adverſe Fates,
Hibernian Youth embark'd for foreign Seats.
Nor muſt the Warriours of inferiour Poſt,
By the recording Muſe b' entirely loſt:
All preſſing to look Danger in the Face,
And in a larger Volume worth a Place.
The Appointed Party ready for Command,
At *Darmſtad*'s Quarter in *Battalia* ſtand.

Who at their Head march'd off in open Day;
And on to *Terragon* directs his Way.
His Friends in Town, with rough Oppreſſion, *ſore*,
Expect Relief of *Grievances* no more:
They think of nothing now, but how to make
The Yoke ſit light, and eaſie to the Neck.
Thus greiving inward at th' unproſp'rous Day,
Their *Sorrows* double, as their Hopes Decay.
With ſtern *Volaſco* otherwiſe it far'd;
As Grief in *them*, ſo joy in *him* appear'd:
He from his Walls beholds 'em as they go,
And thanks his Stars for ſcaping ſuch a Foe.
Spontaneous *Terror* does his Mind employ,
And as he looks, he *ſhivers* in his Joy.
For threatn'd *Terragon* he ſhews his Grief;
Still pleas'd to hav't the Cauſe of his Belief:
So ſome lament their Neighbours Houſe pull'd down,
Joyful it ſtood 'twixt Danger and their own.
Mordaunt, who with the Army yet had ſtay'd,
Order'd another Party ſhould be made,
To march by Noon of Night a ſhorter Way,
And be at the ſuſtaining Place by Day.
Then privately, by ſecret Ways he went,
And overtook the *Prince* e'er Day was ſpent.

BARCELLONA.

CANTO VI.

SUNK deep, below the Level of the Sight,
The Sun had left no Remnant of his Light;
The Flocks upon their reſting Places lie,
And the dim Clouds skim o'er the azure Skie.
The Stars thick ſtudded with a glitt'ring Shew,
Reflect themſelves upon the Seas below.
Relaxing Nature had her ſelf undreſs'd,
Diſpoſing all things to a State of Reſt;
But th' *Hero*'s diſobedient to her Call,
Refuſe that *Tender* which ſhe makes to all.
Forward the Soldiers ruſh without a Stop;
None lag but ſuch as kill'd or wounded drop.
From Poſt to Poſt they preſs and drive down all,
Nor ſtop until they reach the Caſtle Wall:
Where they for Paſſage ſearch on every ſide;
But ſearch in vain, then ſcatter and divide.
As whilſt the ſurly Waves diſturb the Main
No Oppoſition can their Force reſtrain;
But when, to ſhoar, they roul their Fury Home,
They waſte their Strength, and daſh themſelves to Foam.

Amongſt the Rocks and Oaſe a Covert have;
Or, the *leading* forc'd upon the *following* Wave.
The Soldiers thus purſue their driving Courſe
Up to the Walls but thence recoil with Force:
Then lodge themſelves behind the Rocky Ground;
Or any Shelter neareſt to be found.
When *Darmſtad* ſaw the ſtaggering Troops give back,
He ſwiftly haſten'd to the left Attack,
There rally'd 'em, and ſaid: What is't I ſee!
You combat an inferior Enemy:
But, if you're *Engleſh Men*, you'll follow me.
With that, he urg'd thro' Dangers, louder far
Then raging Seas, or Elements at War:
From level Engins, thick Irruptions broke,
Involving all the Plain with Sheets of Smoke;
But as the *Hero* negligent of Life,
Urg'd on his Warriors thro' th' important Strife,
Death hit him low, the broken Ballance drop'd:
A *while* Life ran, and *then* for ever ſtop'd.
Thus *Darmſtad* (like to great *Guſtavus*) ſet
To ask the Succeſs of the Day by Fate.
Stun'd by their Leader's Loſs they left the Attack,
Staggers again, and *once* again gives back.
Things promiſe but a doubtful Conſequence;
And *Succeſs* ſeem'd to totter in *Suſpence*;
When watchful *Mordaunt*, haſtens from the *Right*,
Confirms the *Cohorts*, and renews the Fight:
He rais'd his Sword up lifted in the Air,
And daſh'd the *Terrors* of the ſulph'rous War;
Leading thro' all the *Dangers* that oppoſe,
He gain'd their former Ground, and lodg'd 'em cloſe.
Then, the ſure Inſtruments of Death, begin
To turn, and pour aſſociate *Horrors* in:
In Central Lines the Guns diſcharge their *Ire*,
And Bombs aſſiſt with ſupplimental Fire:

A blaſt of ruin follows: and from th' Walls,
Loudly the aſtoniſh'd Foe for *mercy* calls.
The Fort thus gaind, and Succeſs now no more
Seeming to totter as it did before;
All faintneſs ſoon went of, a large ſupply
Of zeal ſucceeds, and every pulſe beat high.
Encouraged *thus* the confluent Numbers preſs,
And work ith' great Vocation with ſucceſs:
By Indefatigable, and an active, toil,
The Guns are forc'd along the rugged ſoil;
With much conſtraint up every Steep they go;
But from the top a willing Motion ſhow:
At length, from fifty Mouths, of largeſt ſize,
They belch forth ſulph'rous Flames, and gape ſurprize:
Soft rouls of Thunder with unequal, pace,
Thickning to hoarſneſs give each other Chaſe.
The higher *Batteries*, with inceſſant pain,
Diſmount their *Cannon*, and diſlodge their *Men*,
While thoſe, erected nearer to the Town,
Hurl ponderous ruin at the Maſſy Stone:
Pounded by *Horizontal* Stroaks, *ſome* flow
In duſty Torrents, and aſſiſt below:
Others in abrumpt Lumps role piece by piece,
Whilſt tumbling rubbiſh follows by Degrees:
With intermitting Peals the Engins play,
To humble the aſſent, and clear the way:
At every *ſhock*, a ſlice of *Terras* falls;
Till a fair pauſe is opened in the Walls.
Affairs thus forward; they proceed to make
A diſpoſition for the Grand attack:
The Joyful Leaders ſtruggle for the Fight,
But *Con——m* demanded it of Right:
One without any affectation grave,
Watchful, and indefatigably *brave*.
A Lineage deſtin'd *Glories* race to run,
Thus fell the *Father* and ſo fell the *Son*.

Bleſt with a large and plentiful Eſtate,
Poſſeſt of *Beauty* and in *Honours*, Great;
He puſhed for *Fame*, but was attack'd by *Fate*.
Spain, with a *Cales* or with a *Gibraltar*,
May recompence the Nations for the War:
But Oh *Belbaſtro*, thou canſt nothing give
To make the beautious Mourner ceaſe to grieve.
Pirenian Hills, the Silver *Cinca's* Flood
Behold him fall; and mourn'd in trails of Blood.
Next *D*——*l*; who for the duſty Fields
Bartered thoſe ſoftneſſes that plenty yields:
To *him* (a Noble of th' *Hibernian* Iſle)
Quiet was drudgery and *eaſe* a toil.
The mournful *Montjuich* ſaw the *Hero* ſlain,
Where he dy'd *Saving*, what he thought to *gain*.
G——*s* was next, inflam'd with martial heat,
The adventerous *Hero* left his native Seat,
In the purſuit of *Glory*, urging far:
Where he fought well, and was himſelf a War.
L——*n*, who early with the war began,
Er'e yet his downy Chin confeſs'd him Man;
Though great in *Title*, greater yet in *fame*,
But greateſt in the Luſtre of his *Name*.
Now Muſe proceed ———
To *S*——*l*——*g*, and *S*——*a*——*d* doe right,
Who led the *Belgick Cohorts* to the fight.
Theſe Hero's, long, on the *Batavian* plain,
Had urg'd their Squadrons o'er the reeking ſlain,
Under a *State*, which in laſt Age, began
Taſſert the native *liberty* of Man.
The City gain'd, *one* makes his laſt Retreat,
And leaves the *Other* to ſuſtain it's fate.
Nor does obſcurity to thoſe belong,
Whoſe Names are unrecorded in our Song:
Their rank ſecures our ſilence: but deſert
Juſtly to *each*, demands his Name apart:

With Reſolutions noble and ſublime,
Theſe the *Deliv'ry* wait of pregnant time;
And as the Action ſtruggles to get forth,
Exert their utmoſt Strength t'aſſiſt the Birth.
Whilſt Fate ſtood *thus* with lifted Arm, the Foe
Shrinks at the Apprehenſion of the Blow;
As *Dangers* preſs, their *Conſtancy* retires,
And *Reſolution*, in a Fright, expires.
They ſaw th' Attack prepar'd; and knew the Fate
Of *Leige*, that call'd for Mercy when too late,
Thence, dreading ſuch a terrible Event,
Clos'd with the Welcome Summons *Mordaunt* ſent.
Stanhope the Treaty manag'd with Addreſs,
As *they* ask more, *he's* in *Conceſſion* leſs,
In *Courts*, he made Peace his inceſſant Care,
But glow'd in *Camps*, with Ardour of the War.
Swift in Deſign and Execution was;
Thus he became both firſt and ſecond Cauſe.
In the mean while *Hoſtility* retires,
The Soldiers *Anger* with its *Cauſe* expires;
They mix in freindly Parle, and every Night
Conveys revolting Crowds to *Mordaunt's* Sight.
But *now* from Eaſtern Skies the Morning ſhone
That was to look on the ſurrender'd *Town*;
Th' appointed Troops arm'd with a martial Grace
Stand ready for Poſſeſſion of the Place:
When, from *within*, tumultuous Sounds they hear;
Like *thoſe*, that riſe from *Riots* in a Fair.
Odd ſcattering Shots from every Quarter ſtray'd,
Such as oft ſtraggle when a Volley's made
Fleeting *Diſorders* thicken up and down,
And Shouts of *Popular Fear* involve the Town.
This was the Tumult in its Infant State;
But *ſtrong* with Age, and by *Reſiſtance* great,
The Sounds grew feircer then they were before,
And Peals of War, in rolling Thunders roar.

On Churches level Roofs, thick Crowds of Men
Are in a Mingle of Confuſion, ſeen:
While *Prieſts* and *Women*, crowding on the Wall,
In ſhuddering Horrour, *Help* and *Vengeance* call.
When *Mordaunt* found the Uproar thus increaſe,
The Troops were order'd to ſurround the Place.
Some, by th' unguarded Breach aſcend; *ſome* gain
The Walls, where moſt acceſſible, with Pain;
The Spaniards careful of their Friends within,
To ſhew their Zeal, with early Aid begin.
By one anothers Help they quickly climb;
Lay Ladders to, and loſe but little time.
Mean time great *Mordaunt*, with an active Speed,
To *Angel Port* a choſen Cohort led.
The *Britiſh* Guards poſſeſs the *Ravelin*;
But were not Maſters of the Gate within.
Hither the *Hero* comes; and firſt of all
Demanded Entrance with an awful Call,
But *this* refus'd, the Danger prompts him on
With Inſtruments of Force to beat it down.
Ope flies the Gate, warm'd with a martial Fire,
He drives thro' Deluges of fluid Fire:
From either Side the *Miſſive* Lightning broke
Mingle half way and mounts in Hoſtile Smoke
Till urging thro' the crowded Danger, *on*
Th' oppoſing Party fac'd about and run.
Now as the *Hero* rais'd his Voice to grant
A looſe to *Rage* and military *Want*;
The Goddeſs *Peace*, deſcended o'er the *Throng*,
And ſtop'd the fault'ring *Order* on his Tongue.
Unſeen to th' Crowd ſhe ſtood: *He* only there,
Undazled, cou'd the Shine of *Glory* bear:
All ſoft ſhe ſeem'd, all affable and kind,
Like what in painted *Cherubins* we find.
Her Mien was *lovly*, *chearful*, full of *Grace*:
And ſmiles of *Gladneſs* dimpled all her Face.

Dif-

Diffuſive of themſelves her *Beauties* were;
And ſhed their Influence on the ambient Air.
A flowry *Garland* deck'd her Brows; and thence,
With grateful *Odours* ſtruck the raviſh'd Sence.
Her *Golden Locks* fell curling every way;
Bright, as a Sun-Beam at the Noon of Day;
With a ſoft Motion round her Shoulders flew;
And hid the *Beauties* of her Neck from View.
Over a Garment, white as *Alpine* Snow,
Looſly did her embroiderd *Mantle* flow:
This ſhews a ſtately Oak, the Forreſts grace,
Deep furrow'd by the *Ivy*'s cloſe Embrace;
That, how the *Hop*, the *Briony* and *Vine*
With claſping *Tendrills* round their Standards twine.
A num'rous *Senate*, in profound Debate,
Sat brooding *here* o'er an Affair of *State:*
Their *Councels*, cent'ring in the Peoples Good;
Receive their Sanction from *a Regal Nod.*
Hiſt'ries of Friendſhip, in another Place,
Are mixt with *Emblems* of *Concord* and *Peace*:
And *Lovers* claſp'd in one anothers Arms,
Show *Love* and *Freindſhip* in united Charms.
The *Hero* thus ſurpriz'd into a ſtand,
She rais'd an Ivo'ry *Scepter* in her Hand;
And *thus* began——Let *Rage*, let *Slaughter* ceaſe;
And *here* erect a Monument to *Peace.*
Enough of War—— By gent'leſt Means go on,
T'appeaſe the bleeding Tumults in the Town,
Volaſco arm'd with Arbitrary Sway,
Forces th' impriſon'd *Citizens* away;
Guiltleſs of *Error*, to ſubmit their Cauſe
Before a *foreign* Judge, to *foreign* Laws,
To ſtop whoſe Progreſs in its early Courſe,
The Town prepares t'oppoſe it ſelf with Force

Add if it ſhou'd be ſack'd or ſink in Flames:
All Help from *thence* th' Alliance vainly claims,
'Twill ſtop the Fountain, or cut off the Streams.
Then be't your Care t'interpoſe, and bar
The Miſcheifs riſing from th' inteſtine War:
Thus having ſaid——The *Goddeſs* mounted high
Into the Upper *Regions* of the Skie,
And ſoon all *Tumults* in the Town did ceaſe,
And *War* was turn'd into a State of *Peace*.
Thus *Diſcord*, *Envy*, *Malice*, ſtrove in vain,
T'eclipſe the *Glory* of great *Mordaunt*'s Fame.

FINIS.